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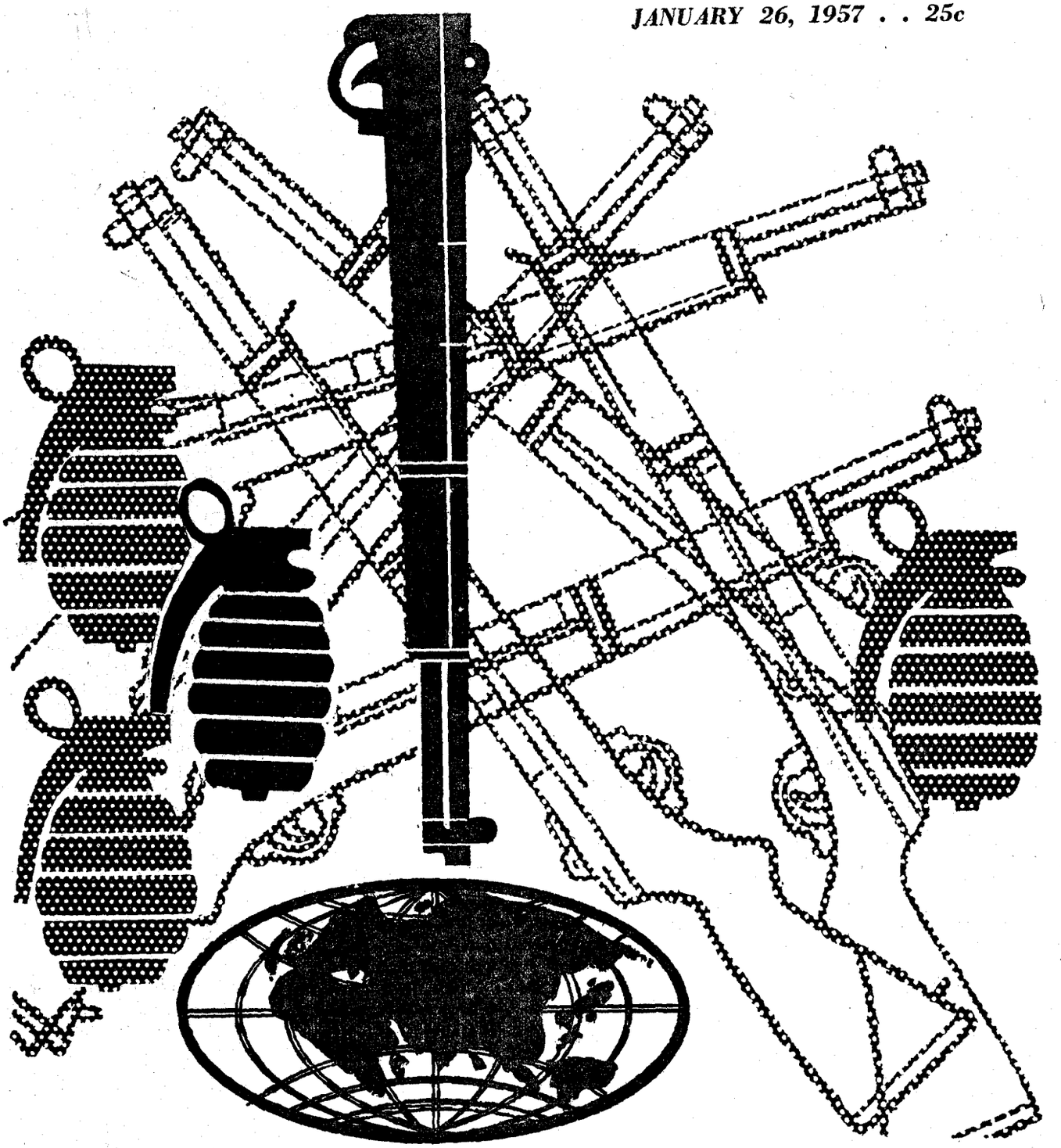

THE LIMITATIONS of an ARMS DIPLOMACY

I. THE RAMPARTS WE RENT . . by O. Edmund Clubb

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LETTER from LONDON

By Paul Johnson

THE QUEEN'S decision to ask Harold Macmillan to succeed Sir Anthony Eden (which was taken, it seems, on the firm advice of Lord Salisbury, the dark, Tudor figure who pulls the strings of Tory politics) came as a surprise to most people here, even to those who normally consider themselves well-informed; it had been confidently expected that Mr. Butler, the Leader of the House of Commons, who had presided over the Cabinet during Eden's absence in Jamaica, would be called. The explanation seems to be that Eden's decision to resign was a sudden one, taken on the point-blank insistence of his doctors and without consultation with his colleagues. If the Queen chose Butler—who had fiercely opposed Eden's Suez policy in Cabinet, and who was widely regarded by many right-wing Tories as the man responsible for the premature cease-fire—there was a real possibility of a sizeable revolt against his leadership within the party, and this, in the present circumstances, would certainly have led to the fall of the Government and a general election. By selecting Macmillan, on the other hand, she chose a man who, unlike Mr. Butler, has no large personal following in the party, but who equally has few enemies. This was undoubtedly the advice Lord Salisbury gave her, and from the Tory point of view—at least in the short-term—it was the right advice.

What sort of person is Macmillan? Outside political circles, he is little known. His background is unimpeachably upper middle-class: Eton, Oxford, the Grenadier Guards. He is the head of one of London's oldest and most respectable publishing houses. He is a member of the Carlton Club, the Turf, Pratt's and the Beefsteak. He married a daughter of the ninth Duke of Devonshire, a step-up in the world which allied him with one of Britain's most powerful political families: when he entered the House of Commons in 1924, sixteen of his wife's relatives were also members, and there were a score more in the House of Lords. Macmillan dresses impeccably, is a good shot, a very popular guest at country-house parties, an able speaker—witty, if a trifle theatrical—exceptionally well read for a politico (the telegrams he wrote when Foreign Secretary were notoriously larded with quotations from Virgil, Suetonius and Thucydides) and, on the whole, the most intelligent of the senior Tory leaders. He has had considerable administrative experience in top cabinet posts: as Minister-Resident at Allied Headquarters in North Africa (where he became a close friend of General Eisenhower), as a highly successful Minister of Housing, as Minister of Defense, Foreign Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer. All in all, then, a very suitable candidate for the post of Chief Minister.

THE trouble with Macmillan, however, is that he has, as yet, no public *persona*. What, people ask, is going on behind that silvery, drooping moustache, that elegant pin-stripe suit, those disillusioned, languid eyes? Those who watched him on his first big television appearance last week saw a typical member of the Governing Classes talking to the people of Britain across a bottomless abyss of class—and were bored. Macmillan has none of Eden's matinee-idol glamor, none of Butler's comfortable, slightly oily charm; he looks, and in many ways is, a stock Tory Public Man, whose good manners are forever fighting an inconclusive battle with his arrogance.

Yet there are, or were, deep waters in Macmillan. Those who know him well say that the most formative experience of his life was the blood and mud of Passchendale, which he saw from a front-line trench in 1917. Nearly all Macmillan's closest friends were killed in the First World War; and when he has had a few glasses of port after dinner, it is about them he is most likely to talk. Macmillan entered politics in the early twenties, the period when "the hard-faced men

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PAUL JOHNSON is associate editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1957
VOLUME 184, NUMBER 4

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Rusty Weapons: Clumsy Tactics

The recent upsurge of violence in the South—the dynamiting of churches in Montgomery, the acts of terrorism in Tallahassee—is merely the latest evidence that the White Supremacy South has lost the Second Civil War. As always, violence of this kind is the last recourse of desperate men who sense defeat. From the outset, the opposition to desegregation has exhibited little sense of tactics or of strategy; the methods used have been crude and atavistic. As a weapon, the dusty doctrine of "interposition" is about as lethal as John C. Calhoun's cane. But any doubts that the opposition is even weaker than expected have now been removed by the bombing of Christian churches. As a tactic, this is about as effective as beating little girls or tossing old ladies from wheel-chairs. From the start, the opposition has misjudged the issue, the times, the forces.

The historic defenses of the Jim Crow system—the veto power which the two-thirds rule gave the South in Democratic conventions, the white primary, the poll tax, the filibuster and the seniority system—are collapsing. The two-thirds rule was repealed in 1936; the white primary was dealt a heavy blow by the Supreme Court's decision in *Smith vs. Allwright* (1944); the poll tax has been undercut by rising income levels in the few states in which it has not been repealed. Current efforts to amend Senate Rule XXII—the "filibuster" rule—have set the stage for modification or repeal in 1960 and the seniority system will receive fresh attention at this session of Congress.

The Bourbon South can neither ruin nor rule. In 1948 a Democratic nominee won without its support and the returns for 1952 and 1956 demonstrate that its disaffection did no more than add to the magnitude of a Republican victory assured in any case. Today the South is divided on both tactics and objectives. The border states and the Outer South—where the Negro population is less than 30 per cent of the total—have been lost to the integrationists and new tensions have arisen within the Inner South, the citadel of Jim Crow, where the Negro population ranges from 30 to 46 per cent. The loss of the outlying territories has been much swifter than might have been imagined. Judge Walter E. Hoffman has disposed of Virginia's elaborate "placement plan" as merely a crude attempt to evade the Supreme Court's decision. "With all deliberate speed," the U. S. Court of Appeals ruled in the Memphis State College case, does not mean "in five years"; there is real urgency in the mandate.

The segregationists have patently miscalculated the effect of violence. The recent bombings will merely arouse further national sympathy and support for the Southern Negro's heroic struggle to shake off the shackles of Jim Crow. Certain all-important if indefinable factors are on the Negro's side: he is committed to non-violence; he appeals to the law and the Constitution; the moral sense of the nation supports him. The use of violence will only alienate the neutral or uncommitted elements in the white population. In a recent editorial, the Montgomery *Advertiser* points out that the issue is no longer "segregation on city buses . . . [but] whether it is safe to live in Montgomery." Violence, moreover, will solidify Southern Negro leadership. For the second time in recent years, a representative group of Southern Negro leaders, acting on its own initiative, has assembled in a Southern city to discuss ways and means of enforcing the Constitution. The sixty men who assembled last week in Atlanta were not convened by the NAACP; nor were the Southern Negro educators who met in Arkansas in the wake of the Supreme Court's decision in the desegregation case. These meetings herald the emergence of the Southern Negro's opposition to Jim Crow as an open, organized, region-wide movement. Make no mistake about it; Jim Crow is dying.

The short-range prospect, however, is for more sporadic violence. Southern Negroes will no longer accept the old ways and part of the "white" South will not yet accept the new. The President, therefore, should heed the request of the Negro leaders who assembled in Atlanta and speak out against lawless defiance of the courts and the Constitution. It is a modest request.

Heap Big Medicine Man

In two days last week the President travelled 4,600 miles and "inspected" drought conditions in six states of the Southwest. This is rugged work for a man whose health is said not to be robust; it is cruel work because it is meaningless. There is nothing obscure about the cause of dust. As long as shortsighted gamblers plow the prairie, the winds will come and blow their land away. Can the President change this fact by participat-

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ing in a motorcade through the sterile plains of south Texas? If he spreads his arms and smiles his fabulous grin will the skies darken and the rain fall? The President, fulfilling one of his campaign promises, visited the stricken area with an entourage that included three press aides. He "personally" looked at the barren lands which offend our notion that the United States is the richest nation on the earth. This procedure has meaning only if we assume that the chief executive of the country is also the head medicine man of the tribe—or that Congress needs a circus to be reminded that some Americans are running short on bread.

Black and White

In the wake of the British-French fiasco in Suez, the current fashion is to deplore American self-righteousness and to speak of the colonial powers with a large, warm tolerance. In this spirit, the Rt. Hon. Anthony Nutting, former British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, who resigned his post and seat in Parliament last November, writes in the New York *Herald Tribune* that it is not enough that Europeans should give up "colonialism" — his quotes — but that Americans must also give up "rigid anti-colonialism, seeing everything in simple terms of black and white." But some issues are that simple and difficulty only arises when efforts are made to make them appear gray. Take, for example, the case of Tanganyika, land of snow-capped Kilimanjaro, the country where Stanley met Livingston. It is a U.N. trust territory — native population 8,000,000, Asian population about 70,000, total European population not more than 25,000. Last year the government split a $9 million educational melon into three parts. Nothing could be more "equal" than the division: the children of 25,000 Europeans received exactly the same allocation as the children of 70,000 Asians and 8,000,000 Africans. Africans are represented on the Legislative Council also on a basis of "parity," meaning one European and one Asian for each African. No American, however "rigid" his views on colonialism, would suggest that the British are to be criticized for not providing adequate educational facilities in Tanganyika; the available resources would not support such an effort. But it is immoral to translate a 320-to-3-to-1 population ratio into a 1-1-1 ratio for the expenditure of educational funds. This is, literally, a black-and-white issue.

Le Bon Papa

In February, 1954, *Time* ran a cover story on Paul Eugène Magloire, who at that time had been for four years president of the Republic of Haiti. Under the heading, *Bon Papa,* the newsmagazine pictured him as the very model of a Caribbean chief executive. Up with the birds (Haiti abounds in roosters), Magloire worked eleven hours a day at a high-powered executive clip "any topflight Detroit executive could understand." The Haitian president's somewhat elevated taste in uniforms and his imperial deportment at public functions were just part of a hard job—a small circus for the simple black children of Bon Papa. Behind the braid and the aides was a public servant who "speeds through his work," observes his colleagues with "penetrating brown eyes," "rumbles out courteous, unruffled answers," lunches with his family (fancy!) and "beams" on innocent night-club merriment (on rare nights out). There was the small embarrassment of Police Chief Prosper, who had just built himself a home as large as a "U.S. small-city high school," and Haiti, for all its prosperity and farsighted public-works programs, was "by the standards of 1954-model materialism an insanitary, barefoot failure." Bon Papa, however, was going to fix all that.

But Papa, it now seems, was too good to be true. He was moved to skip out of Haiti before his six-year term of office expired, and *Time* reports (January 14, 1957) that a preliminary audit suggests he may have plundered the country to a sum in excess of Haiti's current annual budget—$28 millions. Magloire held monopolies for the production of soap, cement and sisal bags—profits on which were held to a good margin—and did well in real estate by buying up land bordering on projected highways. Business men by the "dozens" have now come forward to say that they could not operate in Haiti unless they kicked back to the president. Magloire's assets in Haiti have been frozen, but he used some of his fine executive sense to establish bank accounts in Boston, Miami, Paris and Geneva. Bon Papa's children are now fitting out a town house in Paris, where they eagerly await their good provider.

Thus ends a success story that many a top-flight Detroit industrialist might envy. What we envy is the way *Time's* reporters can move into a foreign capital and get the real picture from the people who know.

The Art of William Carlos Williams

The recent awards by the Academy of American Poets ($5,000) and Brandeis University ($1,500) to William Carlos Williams call attention to one of our most courageous and germinative advance-guard poets. Dr. Williams has never been generally recognized as the unique spokesman he is for a truly creative, nonparochial nativism in art. Since early this century his name has been associated with the leading experimental figures of modern literature, yet he has insisted on his moorings as Dr. Williams of Rutherford, N. J.

The art of Williams is especially native in its refusal to deny the violence, confusion and cultural barrenness which are as deep in the American tradition as our melioristic, democratic energies and ardors. His fiction gives unforgettable close-ups of small-town life, scenes in the cold-water flats of immigrant laborers, sex and ambition in their homelier aspects and in

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disturbing and unexpected relationships. *In the American Grain,* his original study of America's "mythical history," seeks to bring into the light national meanings deriving from the first bloody ravishments by Europeans of the Indian world they found here, from the shocks and discoveries of exploration and revolution and civil war, and from the challenge to make new beginnings.

But it is in his poetry especially that Dr. Williams' great power and stature show themselves. The poetry concerns itself with everything that hits the senses of a normal man's awareness. As with Whitman, it excludes nothing from the dignity of its scrutiny. It is the poetry of a man greatly committed to life, growth and the sympathetic understanding of the rest of mankind and nature, one responsive to the mood of those younger than himself, perfectly candid, high-spirited, unpredictable. In short, William Carlos Williams, at seventy-three, stands as the embodiment of what we might wish the national spirit as a whole to realize one day in itself.

The Polish Elections

As this issue went to press, Alexander Werth, one of *The Nation's* brilliant European correspondents, was on his way to Warsaw to cover the most important elections held in Eastern Europe since World War II. His first-hand observations on what happened in Poland last Sunday, will appear in an early issue.

Simultaneously John O'Kearney, veteran foreign correspondent and a frequent contributor to *The Nation,* is en route to the Middle East via the Balkans. His first dispatch will be from Belgrade.

THE EDUCATIONAL MALAISE . . *by Arnold A. Rogow*

WHEN LORD BRYCE wrote his *American Commonwealth* almost seventy years ago he found it necessary to devote an entire chapter to the low status of politics as a profession. The "best people," by which he meant the enlightened, the talented and the virtuous, did not go into politics, he observed, because the profession lacked dignity, honesty and prestige. The theme is a recurring one, as witness the efforts of the Citizenship Clearing House to encourage interest by college students in a political career, but perhaps less is heard of it now than in Bryce's time, or even twenty years ago. Political and civil-service reform, the increase in government employment and economic dependence on government, the skill and sophistication of modern-day political spoilsmen as compared with their predecessors, the development of college courses and entire curricula in public administration—these factors and others have raised the status of politics as a profession. To be sure, the politician is still regarded as of less account than the business man, lawyer, doctor, scientist or engineer, but over the last twenty years he has made some appreciable gains in the status hierarchy.

Consequently, a new Lord Bryce, attempting to locate the "best people" in the new *American Commonwealth,* would probably find them roughly divided among all the professions, with one exception. The "best people," it appears, are not to be found in any great number in the teaching profession; moreover, the quality of education, far from having improved since Bryce's day, may well have seriously declined.

Viewed from the outside, the malaise in education seems to be chiefly occasioned by an expanding population and financial need. By now almost every literate person knows that teachers are underpaid, that there is a shortage of teachers and classrooms and that the universities and colleges are straining to meet increased enrollments. Defined in this fashion, the problem of the schools would be mainly resolved by larger amounts of federal and state money and private aid. Viewed from within, the problem is also financial, but not exclusively so. The schools and universities are currently involved in major controversies over fashions and styles in education, often discussed in the context of the cold war: whether deliberately to seek to educate as many engineers and scientists as the Russians; whether there is a "flight from the humanities," and if so, what should be done about it; whether the schools should focus on teaching skills, social adjustment or traditions and values ("Great Books"); and so on. There is no consensus on these problems or their solution, and while the discussion goes on the consequences of current trends are neglected.

One of these trends at the secondary-school level, for example, can be described as a trend toward the provision of the least education for the least educated, by the least educated. We can not be sure, of course, that the schools ever functioned *primarily* to encourage independent and creative thinking, but it is clear that for some years past this aspect has been less emphasized. The prevailing stress in secondary education appears to be on adjustment to contemporary social norms and attitudes, on "getting along" with schoolmates, parents and community, and on the acquisition of narrow-gauge skills. Many of the teachers themselves, according to some studies, are not so much educators as group leaders whose self-esteem is tuned solely to harmonious relations with the students, the principal and superintendent, the parents and the community at large.

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The learning content of much secondary education, meanwhile, seems to eschew analysis and controversy in favor of elementary factual information; from this point of view the question is not "Why Johnny can't read," but why Johnny can't (or can) read *what*. If Johnny can read or does read, he is apt to encounter history as a collection of anecdotes in which the Forces of Good periodically confront the Forces of Evil, and usually triumph. If he turns to the chapters on economics in his social-studies textbook, he is unlikely to discover that a case can be made against the free-enterprise system. No matter where he turns, it is improbable that he will meet the great issues of the past and present, or even become cognizant of the rhythms that have stirred men and societies. Nor is he likely to become informed or cognizant later on, because the majority of Johnnys in America conclude their formal education in or before the twelfth grade.

NO DOUBT the situation described owes a good deal to the nature of teacher aptitude and training, but it is not solely a function of teacher quality. It has long been notorious that student majors in education show the least aptitude for education, as measured by intelligence tests. According to figures quoted from reliable sources by William H. Whyte, Jr., in his recent book, *The Organization Man,* in 1951 the aptitude scores of education majors were the lowest of any group of students in graduate work. In a sample of 339,000 students, the percentage of those in various fields who passed is shown in the following table:

Students Majoring in:	Passed
Engineering	68%
Physical science and Mathematics	64%
Biological sciences	59%
Social sciences	57%
Humanities	52%
General Arts	48%
Business and commerce	42%
Agriculture	37%
Education	27%

In short, in 1951 the future farmers demonstrated a greater aptitude for education than the future teachers!

The aptitude scores and the poor quality of instruction in many, although not all, of the teachers colleges and schools of education are reflected in the fact that a good many teachers are not much more intelligent or informed than the brighter of their students. Reading nothing more serious than the *Readers Digest* and *Life,* such teachers may neglect the brighter students altogether, or make an inadequate effort to respond to their interests and needs.

A large number of secondary-school teachers, however, are intelligent, capable and conscientious, and their difficulties suggest that the problem of the schools is not entirely financial. There can be little question that raising salaries would improve the level of recruitment, but it does not follow that better-paid teachers would be brighter teachers, or that brighter teachers would be more capable teachers. In general, the American community gets the schools that it wants or deserves, and there is considerable evidence that, IQ and salaries apart, it wants the teachers and schools that it has.

In essence, the community wants the schools to present basic, factual information, not the questioning of institutions and values. It demands that the young be trained and disciplined — "house-broken," someone once called it—and not encouraged to be independent and non-conformist; it insists on adjustment rather than individuality. Additionally, it wants its teachers to be unquestioning and non-critical, and to live easily with community customs and mores. It *expects* them to read the *Readers Digest* and *Life.* And no matter what salary it pays its teachers, the community is not willing to accord the teaching profession the status, independence and respect it accords most of the other professions. The layman is not inclined to define medicine for the doctor or law for the lawyer, but he is usually willing to define education for the teacher—and to insist upon his definition.

The enlightened and imaginative teachers, as a result, are often those who can pursue their careers only at some risk to themselves. Every year many of them resolve the tension, latent or manifest, between themselves and the community by leaving teaching; those who remain conduct themselves cautiously and even surreptitiously, both in and out of the classroom; as, indeed, they must. They are usually aware that when they do enjoy independence, or a measure of academic freedom, these flow not from community support of teachers but from community indifference to the schools, and especially from community assumption that nothing provocative or partaking of counter-mores is being presented in the classroom. When this assumption is explored by the community, for whatever reason, the extent of teacher-freedom is apt to be reduced. Not long ago, for example, a well-meaning civic organization in a certain city decided that the citizens of the community did not display enough interest in the schools and school problems. In the course of the campaign to arouse interest, many citizens poured into the schools on a number of visiting days, talked to the teachers, sat in the classrooms and looked over the textbooks. The chief result was a battle between various factions in the community culminating in the forced resignation of the school superintendent, the dismissal of two teachers and the establishment of a citizens' committee to watch-dog the selection of textbooks! In such communities, it may be argued, the less interest in and knowledge of the school, the better.

BUT THE major point is that the malaise of secondary education will not be remedied only by building more and better classrooms or by raising teachers' salaries to the level of beginning engineers. Teaching is a profession, and if it is to attract the brains and talents that are currently being enrolled in other professions, it must be treated as a profession. Salary increases may well enlist more capable people, but they will not remain in teaching or exercise their fullest competence unless the community is willing to accord them the status, dignity and independence that the other professions enjoy. The alternative is not merely incompetence of teachers, but a continuing debasement of educa-

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tional standards and substance and of the quality of citizenship itself. No one can doubt that the schools produce able technicians and specialists, but can they also produce citizens with a sense of the past and the urgent present, who appreciate cultural richness and diversity, and who have a decent respect for individuality in themselves and others? The successive studies of the Purdue University Division of Educational Reference and other agencies sadly reveal that these graduates of the nation's schools are not numerous.

SIMILAR questions and problems confront the colleges and universities, and there are others which apply particularly to higher education. Nevertheless, the secondary-school teacher is apt to look with envy on his counterpart in the colleges; up to a point the envy is merited. The typical college instructor does not work as hard, and there is nothing at the college level equivalent to the *Blackboard Jungle*. He has more professional status, although not as much as he deserves, and he has greater freedom than the teacher both in and out of the classroom. He usually is not beholden to the community in which the college is located, and on the whole the trustees, president and alumni are less in evidence and exert less pressure than the school board, superintendent, principal and P.T.A. This is not to deny that McCarthyism has left its mark on the campus in the form of faculty and student intimidation. There can be no question that in recent years the academic freedom of radicals and nonconformists has been restricted and is restricted still. It does appear, however, that the colleges have weathered better than the secondary schools; and within higher education, the private schools have been less affected than the municipal colleges and state universities.

But higher education is subjected to other pressures which in the end may prove more serious. For the most part they also emanate from the community, although in more subtle form and at longer range. Within the college enrollment expansion, the largest increase by field of study has been in business and commerce. As Whyte points out, almost 20 per cent of the 183,602 men college graduates in 1954-55 were business and commerce majors; all of the physical, biological and social sciences, liberal arts and mathematics men majors *combined* totalled only 26.6 per cent. The rest of the men graduates were mainly in engineering (12.3 per cent), education (8.1 per cent) and agriculture (3.8 per cent). These figures suggest, Whyte observes, that the trend in college education is not away from the liberal arts to the sciences, as many imagine, but from fundamental to applied studies.

Similar developments have been taking place at the graduate level. In terms of Ph. D. degrees granted, the physical sciences and the humanities lost an equal amount of ground between 1939 and 1955. Agriculture, engineering and education increased sharply. The social sciences gained 1.3 per cent, but most of the increase, apparently, was in psychology. History and economics declined in almost the same proportion as English, philosophy and languages.

We are, in short, graduating business administrators and technicians, rather than men of broad knowledge and understanding; and, again, we are doing this because the community prefers specialists to generalists and narrow skill to comprehensive learning. Despite much talk about the value of a liberal arts education, no one who reads the last few pages of the Sunday *New York Times* business section can doubt that the major job opportunities require degrees in engineering, electronics, business, applied physics and mathematics.

It may be conceded that the business majors and technicians will make important contributions to the standard of living and to technological innovation, but will they also make important contributions to the solution of urgent political, social and cultural problems? At one fairly typical state university, commerce majors will spend a minimum of almost two years in commerce courses; the remaining two years will be devoted to basic courses in fields such as English, mathematics, physical education, military science, natural science and history. As few as eighteen semester hours may be spent on elective courses "in any area of the university"—which presumably means the whole range of the humanities and the other-than-basic courses in the sciences.

If present trends continue we may expect that the typical college curriculum will be increasingly "practical" and job-oriented. Faculty recruitment, and at many schools promotions and salary increases as well, generally follow enrollment, and as enrollment declines proportionally in the traditional arts and sciences field, teaching and research in those fields will also decline. Budget pressure, if nothing else, will curtail the number of course offerings, and those departments, fields and courses with small enrollments will be less favored with staff and salary increases than the burgeoning areas.

There is a very real danger that the overall enrollment increase will be reflected in a division of universities not so much along class lines as in terms of mass-educational institutions, on the one hand, and elite educational institutions on the other. In his recent book, *Constraint and Variety in American Education*, David Reisman observes that the academic distance between the prestige universities and the rest is not as great as it used to be, that a number of schools have gradually closed the gap—at least in certain fields—between themselves and Harvard, Yale and Columbia. A new gap is emerging, however, as a consequence of the current and projected enrollment expansion in publicly-supported institutions. As a bulk of students flood into the state and municipal universities, there is every likelihood that the quality of instruction will be lowered to accommodate the larger enrollment. The rise of closed-circuit television and radio courses, the reduction of reading lists and library work, the transformation of assistant and even associate professors into section assistants in large lecture courses, the pressure to administer machine-graded examinations, the tendency of publishers' agents to prefer text-book manuscripts to research work—all of these developments accompany the enrollment increase in the public universities.

In the state of Michigan, for ex-

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ample, the projected enrollment increase will more than double the student population at the major state universities. At present, the University of Michigan has an enrollment of 22,000 students; Michigan State University an enrollment of almost 20,000. According to the President of Michigan State, Dr. A. Hannah, by 1970 his institution will have an enrollment potential of 48,000, and the University of Michigan a potential of 55,000. It is not difficult to imagine, if these potentials are realized, academic departments of a hundred staff members, lecture courses of several thousand students and libraries consisting exclusively of recordings, large-scale visual aids, television sets and microfilm machines.

The private schools, whose enrollments will continue to be limited, are less susceptible to these developments. They may be increasingly attractive, therefore, to the brighter and more serious students who prefer small classes, frequent contact with instructors and less hectic library conditions. Ultimately such schools will also provide a more thorough education, and their graduates are likely to fare better in national life.

It is important, of course, that attention should focus on teacher shortages, inadequate teaching pay scales and insufficient facilities. Last year the average public-school teacher earned $4220, and the average college instructor not much more. So long as this situation applies we cannot expect teaching to compete for recruits on favorable terms with such occupations as plumbing, heating engineering and automobile construction, much less business, law and medicine.

But in the end teaching salaries will be raised, facilities will be expanded, and new schools will be built. What is less certain is the use to which this expansion will be put. Will the new teachers and facilities produce thinkers or doers, creative individuals or unthinking automatons, participating citizens or apathetic drones? As a speaker at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science suggested, "The shortage of scientists and engineers is bad enough, but with some effort these immediate shortages can be corrected. . . . What is more serious and dangerous in the long run is that the mass of our population . . . remains in ignorance of the foundations on which [our] society is based." Unless the expansion of education promotes an expansion of true enlightenment, we will not gain from it much in the way of political maturity and cultural enrichment.

LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

I. THE RAMPARTS WE RENT . . *by O. Edmund Clubb*

[For the last decade, United States global strategy has been largely based on arms—our own, and those of our "allies." Of $256 billions we appropriated for defense and foreign aid from 1950-55, for instance, only 1.5 billions—about one-half of 1 per cent—was strictly for economic and technical help for underdeveloped areas. As the newest revelation of this global strategy, the Eisenhower Doctrine raises a fundamental issue: are we placing too much reliance on an "arms diplomacy"? The following article, first of a series, attempts to answer this question with respect to the Western Pacific; subsequent articles will deal with other parts of the world.—Ed.]

THE CONTAINMENT concept was born in 1947 and NATO created in 1949; but the strategy of ringing the Communist bloc with a glorified Maginot Line finally matured in connection with the Korean and Indo-China wars. The President's stratagem for dealing with the Middle East situation actually comes from the same armory of ideas as the 1954 "massive retaliation" doctrine, designed in the first instance to apply to China. It is of a pattern with Mr. Eisenhower's urgent request two years ago for full authority (which Congress as urgently granted) to engage in whatever military operations he might deem necessary for the defense of Formosa in the light of a development which, he said, "seriously imperils the peace and our security."

Formosa was almost certainly saved for the Chinese Nationalists by intervention of the U. S. Seventh Fleet in the Formosa Strait in 1950; guns preserved the status quo in Korea and won half a loaf in Indo-China; but the American strategy is demonstrably working to our increasing long-term disadvantage in the West Pacific. The basic reason for the failure is found in military doctrine itself. Marshal de Saxe held that "The human heart is the starting point in all matters pertaining to war." General von Clausewitz subsequently placed the moral element first in his listing of the elements of strategy: "The relations of the material things are all very simple; the comprehension of the moral forces which come into play is more difficult." In its post-war Asian strategy, however, the United States has relied chiefly upon material things; both the mind and stomach of Asian Man have been largely ignored.

We have striven to establish a Pax Americana in the power vacuum created by the defeat of Japan. Specifically, we have taken upon ourselves the task of blocking the advance of Communist power into a U. S. "outer defense zone" encompassing South Korea, Japan (including Okinawa), Formosa and the Philip-

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pines. There we maintain military bases, and to the governments in the region we extend military aid. About 80 per cent of U. S. "aid to Asia" goes to South Korea, Formosa and Indo-China. Support of Formosa has cost us a round $2 billions since 1951; the propping up of South Korea takes about $700 millions annually and we have spent $750 millions thus far toward building up the Japanese "Self-Defense Force."

South Korea and Formosa, economically too weak to support themselves, each maintain armies of 600,000 men with our help. This is in line with our concept of how to fight an Asian war, for General MacArthur in 1951 expressed the prevailing American military opinion when he testified that "it would be a master folly to contemplate the use of United States ground troops in China." The idea was—and is—to let Asians supply the foot soldiers, while we limit our contribution to naval and air action.

BUT THE 1955 Bandung Conference voiced a strong Asian demand for peace, and any moves toward an atomic war find the world generally opposed. The final communiqué of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference of July, 1956, expressed a sentiment shared far beyond the borders of the Commonwealth:

> They [the Prime Ministers] looked forward to a continuing relaxation of tension in the Formosa area, and expressed the hope that unremitting efforts would be made to this end. Peaceful settlement of the problems in this area is imperative for stability in the Far East and for removing the dangers of conflict which would frustrate the hopes of peace.

The United States stands alone in its support of Formosa, and in Korea our U.N. warrant covers peaceful purposes only.

The elder von Moltke defined strategy as "the development of an original idea in accordance with changing circumstances." Circumstances are changing rapidly in Asia, but the United States stays buttressed in positions taken up half a decade ago. The reasons for this immobility are not far to seek. For one thing, we have been caught up in the ideological web of our cold war. For another, we have solemnized the cold-war concept in alliances with forty-two states of various—and sometimes clashing—national purposes. Thus bound fast by treaty commitments, we are often assailed by conflicting loyalties which force us, on occasion, to act unilaterally if we would act at all. The development of closer relations with an India or Japan is sacrificed for a Chiang Kai-shek or Syngman Rhee. And our global system of alliances in the end takes on the value of the lowest common denominator.

CLAUSEWITZ divided war strategy into two kinds—that of annihilation through decisive battle, and the strategy of exhaustion. The American strategy for the West Pacific is of the first type. Present indications are, however, that the Communists have no intention of provoking us into decisive battle. After their experience in the Korean War, they are likely to refrain from crossing boundaries—even internal ones as in Korea and Vietnam. Formosa and South Korea are evidently now viewed by the Communist strategists simply as diversions for pinning the United States down politically. The real campaign being waged by the Moscow-Peking Axis is one of political and economic attrition.

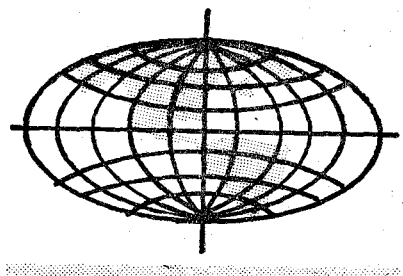
Under existing conditions, American hostile action is limited to maintenance of an economic boycott and efforts to keep China outside the pale of the United Nations. The Chinese and Soviet strategists, for their part, act as if their chief aims were the maintenance of peace, the fostering of "peaceful co-existence" and the furthering of international trade and national economic progress. The Communist bloc extends credits for industrial projects in underdeveloped countries and develops its commerce with Asian nations more concerned with their own economic distress than with the West's anti-communism. Far Eastern correspondent Gordon Walker, in the January 3 *Christian Science Monitor*, reported the current Asian scene:

> The battle for Asia . . . has shifted, during the past year, from a military to an economic front. . . . And the battlelines—the struggle between the Free World and the Communist orbit for economic supremacy in Asia—are clearly defined now.

Our military encirclement is being infiltrated by Communist diplomats and traders.

We meet these new Communist political and economic challenges only stiffly and in terms of our own conventions. In the first place, our particular brand of nationalism impedes our understanding of Asian aspirations and affairs. Also, although we are the greatest of the Great Powers, our commitments constrain us to view East Asia in terms of relations with Formosa and South Korea. And in any event, our economic strategy is heavily fettered by our trade protectionism, our habit of dumping farm surpluses abroad, the unwillingness of our private capital to venture into Asian countries and the reluctance of our government to join in international development projects. All of this leaves us ill-equipped for the new competition.

In this field our West Pacific defense system does not help. Moreover, it now becomes clear that the so-called "island-defense chain" is not a chain at all: it is made up of heterogeneous elements which are, and almost certainly will remain, un-



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linked to each other. Formosa and South Korea are both in effect American protectorates, but they compete with each other for our favors; a gulf of suspicion and animosity divides South Korea and Japan; none of the three is linked politically to the Philippines or to SEATO. Japan and the Philippines particularly, as the more self-sufficient of the group, tend naturally to manifest a growing independence in foreign affairs.

Japan, for one, has now turned back to Asia. In the euphoria of the occupation period it was assumed in some American quarters that that Oriental nation had been made over in the American image. But Japan is permanently in and of Asia: across the Sea of Japan lies a hostile South Korea, and beyond is China; and from Japan's Hokkaido can be seen the southern tip of Soviet Sakhalin. Only compelling force or superior political advantage could keep Japan joined to us. Again Clausewitz expounds the principle:

> The final decision of a whole war is not always to be regarded as an absolute one. The defeated state often sees in it only a transitory evil, for which a remedy can yet be found in the political circumstances of another day.

If, in its foreign relations, Japan cannot gain concrete national advantage through association with the United States, it will seek it elsewhere; and if our Asia policy exposes Japanese national interests to undue hazards, Japan will pull away.

Last year may well have been the watershed in Japan's post-war foreign policy. By an agreement ratified in December, the state of war between Japan and the Soviet Union was terminated and diplomatic relations re-established. Immediately afterwards, Japan became a member of the U.N. When Foreign Minister Shigemitsu visited Washington in 1955 with the avowed aim of achieving "a dynamic working partnership" with the United States, he said that Japanese-American cooperation would remain Japan's "immutable policy." He failed to win that partnership. In the United States again a year later to preside over Japan's entry into the United Nations, he stated that his country would not be tied to any U.N. bloc, but would instead act as a member of a "world bloc"—with advancement of the U.N. the primary Japanese objective. These two statements by Mr. Shigemitsu, separated by a year, imply a significant change in Tokyo policy. In the U.N. Japan enjoys a major opportunity to gain new influence as an Asian nation playing an independent role.

Seeds of discord are found in American-Japanese relations. Japan objects to paying $83 millions annually for maintenance of U.S. armed forces on her soil, to paying 15 per cent more for American than for Pakistani raw cotton, and to buying American farm surpluses on credit terms that have the effect of doubling their original price. American and Japanese negotiators haggle over the yardage of Japanese cotton textiles that may be "voluntarily" imported into the American market. Tokyo strives to recover from us full sovereignty over Okinawa and the Bonin Islands. The new Premier, Tanzan Ishibashi, sees increase of Japanese trade with China as "a necessity," although to be undertaken "within the framework of our international agreements as a member of the United Nations and also as a member of the free nations." Here are additional warning signs of a growing difference. As Disraeli remarked, "finality is not the language of politics." It is not the language of American-Japanese relations.

THE AMERICAN position in the Philippines is also threatened. In recent negotiations, the Filipinos demanded the right to exercise criminal jurisdiction over our military bases there. In addition, according to a dispatch in the *New York Times* of December 6, the Philippines insist on the right to control use of the bases in the event of war, and desire a "package deal" which apparently would make our tenure in the bases contingent upon an annual flow of military aid. The negotiations at Manila were broken off by the American side in December. But U.S. bases are not the only sore spot; the Filipinos resent the constant pressure they are under from us to build up their own military strength. When we recently tried to press an additional jet squadron upon their air force, President Magasay expostulated that it would cost $1,200,000 a year for fuel alone to fly the planes.

The Filipinos are as proud and as nationalistic as any Asian people. Our relations with them can hardly improve under our present policy; they could easily become worse.

A sea power requires secure overseas bases. In the bad old days of imperialism, overseas colonies satisfied that requirement. In the post-war period the United States, far from projecting its sovereignty into the Seven Seas to meet new global needs, granted independence to its chief colony, the Philippines, and went on to prod Britain, France and the Netherlands: "Go, and do thou likewise." Still pressed by an exigent need for naval and air bases, however, it has tried to substitute a quasi-protectorate policy for colonialism in the West Pacific in particular, aiming thus to maintain bases in territories it does not own. Our continued occupation of some of these bases is patently dependent upon our periodical delivery of large quantities of guns and dollars. When we pass the peak of our "foreign aid" program, our political influence will inevitably decline in areas where friendship for us is only rented.

BILLIONS spent have not brought us security in the West Pacific, for we have emphasized the factors of war material and military strength to the neglect of political and economic elements. Our mechanistic approach to the problem of power, accompanied by our insensibility to the moral forces which motivate Asians in this new era, has introduced grave weakness into our world strategy. We have neglected to develop into "the totality of its meaning" (Secretary of State Dulles's phrase) either our NATO coalition or our political relationship with Japan; we have equally disregarded the potentialities of fuller cooperation with India; we have ignored the disintegration of bipolarity in the world scene through the growth of both "Titoism" and "neutralism"; we have buried our head deep in the Formosa sands rather than take a new look at the

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Chinese nation of 600 million people. Finally we, the richest nation of all, have refused to face up to the rising demand of the underdeveloped countries that they, too, be helped to share in the goods of this earth.

This is all in violation of the principles of sound strategy. As a consequence, we are losing world political support, and breaches are appearing in that "defense zone" of far-flung U.S. air and naval bases on foreign soil that rings the Communist bloc from Iceland to Hokkaido. Primary reliance since 1950 upon a "military-ramparts" philosophy and the comforting solidity of war matériel has led to stultification of American thought in the political and economic fields. Actual world conditions demand increased emphasis on non-military factors. Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, famed advocate of sea power, wrote in 1890 that "far-sightedness is needed for adequate military preparation, especially in these days." His words have twice their original meaning now, two generations later.

FLORIDA'S PURE-WHITE SANDS . . *by Mary Freeman*

Sarasota, Fla.

THIS West Florida town with two and a half miles of gulf front (and at least thirty more in its surrounding country) does not have a beach where colored people are welcome. In our efforts during the past three years to provide one, we have gotten nowhere, but what we've done has been done with style. It may truly be claimed that our series of ring acts has been worthy of this home of three circuses.

The bizarre development of Sarasota's major beach problem was determined largely by its being a typically Florida resort, consisting of a Northern community grafted on a Southern and functioning as a haven from the more turbulent currents of life. The community's rapid growth has been a further complicating factor. Town and county have doubled in population during the past six years and now claim about 35,000 and 60,000 permanent residents respectively. Approximately one-sixth of the county residents are Negroes.

By 1952 we white residents suddenly noticed with alarm that our beaches had begun to disappear behind private estates, motels and "No Trespassing" signs; we rushed to vote a bond issue so that the county could buy more public beaches. But already purchase had become difficult. The canny business man did not want to sell property to the county when a capital-burdened investor or affluent developer might be just over the horizon. Obtaining gulf front for white residents cost the county commissioners considerable labor, but their next task, a beach for Negroes, called for the legerdemain of a Houdini (the possibility of desegregated beaches had not even crossed our minds). Two years ago, the County Commission set an architect to work on swimming-pool plans for Sarasota's colored section and tossed the matter of a gulf beach in a fancy curve towards the city. It fell with a thud. This did not shake the commissioners, who tied up their swimming-pool package and offered it to their colored constituents. It was refused. Moreover, the commissioners were reminded that, when the bond issue was voted, a gulf beach, not a swimming pool, had been promised.

Shortly after, the Negroes underscored their wishes by spending an afternoon on a section of Lido beach previously frequented only by whites. Parking their cars along the road, the Negroes sat on the sand or riprap under the watchful eyes of the white bathers. There was little swimming. It was not long before the police appeared, strolling about until the colored people crowded into their cars and went home.

Several days later a row of "No Parking" signs was interposed between the road and water. White citizens, who were in the habit of enjoying a quick dip near their cars, gave a wistful glance and moved on to the municipal casino.

This kind of "solution," which entails stubbing one's own toes, typifies Sarasota's handling of the Negro beach problem. Official action has but mirrored the confusion of the community. Victims of a painful ambivalence, we have busied ourselves with unproductive and self-defeating antics that might well be called neurotic. For the most part, those who were panicked by the Negroes' visit to Lido were so not because they thought the Negroes had exceeded their rights, but precisely because they knew that they had not. Only a few whites could attribute their attitude to Southern tradition. In 1952 and 1956 Sarasota went GOP. The county commissioners who juggled our beach problem were all Republicans. Many Democrats among us are Northern Democrats.

THE residents of Lido Key are perhaps representative. A few are Southerners with better than average incomes and education, but many are Northerners retired on modest incomes. A few are people of impressive backgrounds; a few have impressive wealth. Almost all have invested heavily in what is hoped will be a tranquil, even if somewhat encapsulated, future, and are especially sensitive to any event that might disturb it. Most of these people would not like to be thought prejudiced. They have good will towards Negroes as a race. Nevertheless, when they saw colored people on their own chosen bit of public beach, they felt threatened. They were glad

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to see the police and glad to see the signs.

The county, having failed in its first little stratagem, now proposed a beach on the bayside of a key (incidentally, a section with a cloudy title). The Negroes, reacting remarkably like white people, were unenticed. A bi-racial committee was tried, but it failed to function as a unit. The Negroes themselves were not united: some still wanted their own gulf beach; others now spoke of integration. Profiting by this disagreement, the white members of the committee independently selected a site, this time on the gulf side of Longboat Key. Longboat residents immediately came to the defense of their property and of their way of life.

DURING the fray a local member of the NAACP came to the commission and stated that the Negro community would consider nothing but an integrated beach. Distrustful of any representative of the NAACP, the commissioners asked that the Negro community be polled at a meeting to which the commission should be invited. A week later the NAACP representative reported that a meeting had taken place and that the community had voted for integration. The commissioners, angry because they had not been invited to the session, and regarding an integrated beach as too fantastic to consider, voted to lay the matter aside for a year, until May 1, 1956 — but not before Commissioner Leach, who was to figure later as star prestidigitator, thought of a cunning expedient for meeting possible "emergencies" on county beaches. He suggested that the county seek permission to sell its beaches whenever it saw fit. Would the county ever want to jettison one of its major assets, now so difficult to come by? The commissioners thought it might. The scheme was laid before the state legislature for its approval.

Last summer the townspeople of Sarasota were again reminded of their obligations when a group of colored people made a second visit to Lido Beach. The city, once more involved, glared at the county and passed a one-year "emergency" ordinance saying that in order to "suppress riots, affrays, batteries" etc. city beaches would be temporarily closed whenever "members of each of two or more races" appeared on them simultaneously. It is to be hoped that the wording will not involve the police department in extensive genetic research or lead to international incident.

Meanwhile the county commission was in a melancholy mood. The state legislature had agreed to let the county sell its beaches only upon a referendum vote. Not feeling up to the next turn, the commission tossed the problem to a committee of twelve white citizens and bowed out.

While the new committee deliberated, there was a ferment of discussion throughout the county, almost all of it concerned with the choice of a site for a Negro beach. No one doubted that it would be a disaster if the key on which he lived, or even the key on which he preferred swimming, were chosen.

The possibility of desegregation was almost never mentioned. A very few individuals of strong religious or democratic persuasion commented that we were making a great fuss when the whole thing might be solved quite simply, cheaply, ethically and legally by integration. They were, of course, considered dangerously naive. Those priding themselves on hard-headedness busily concocted little expedients for defending their favorite beaches. If pressed to give an opinion on possible integration, they generally produced time-worn cliches.

The more thoughtful put it this way: Sarasota's beach problem must be considered in the light of order, culture and economics. We abhor violence; we must do nothing to provoke it, and, after all, the rumors of Citizens Council threats could not be altogether discounted. Moreover, we and our tourists—many of us being more or less permanent tourists in a chosen retreat — agree that our community has a rather special tone which must be maintained for our profit as well as our pleasure. We have backgrounds that do not include noisy picnics with cluttered remains, dressing for the beach in cars, unsanitary habits and rowdy behavior. Sarasota's colored people, unfortunately, belong to the economic and cultural level where such things are common. (The whites who argue this way have been unimpressed by the report that Florida Negroes have been remarkably well behaved and clean on their own beaches.) At any rate, the Sarasota Negroes do not fit into the picture of a quiet community with a proper leavening of culture so comfortably provided here by the Ringling Museum, the Art Association and the presence of so many artists and writers. To disturb this would be to disturb the very foundation of our community. It is to the economic interest of the Negro as well as the white that this not be done.

That this felicitous situation was being threatened from an entirely different direction some were willing to admit, but obviously it was easier to discourage the uncultured poor than the uncultured quick-buck boys of our fast-growing community. These latter have their own uncomplicated views on the beach problem. It was not "good business" to desegregate here, and it was not "good business" to have a Negro beach anywhere near your own investments. Their assurance was unshaken by the fact that the same people who come to Sarasota have accommodated themselves to integrated beaches in other parts of our country and abroad.

BUT THE happiest thought for everybody was that "our colored folk" didn't really want integration. We kept coming back to that. We liked to think that the colored people wanted only their "fair share," and we were not eager to ask what they would consider "fair." When the city completed a swimming pool, the missing piece in its already extensive recreation program for Negroes, would this be thought a "fair share"? Or would the colored people still demand a gulf beach? And would that troublesome demand, inspired by "outside agitators," for integration pop up again? We were unwilling to admit that our religious and democratic ideals, as well as the hard

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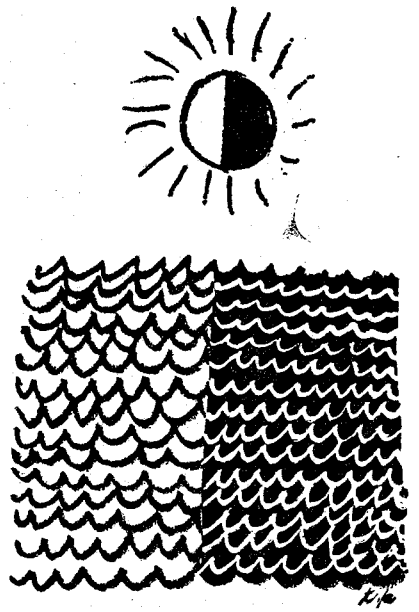
facts of international politics, might cause it to pop up again. Nor did we consider the possibility that eventually our efforts to postpone desegregation might be construed as attempts to evade the law. Many took comfort from Sarasota's own mandarin, David Lawrence, who pontificated that those bothersome U. S. Supreme Court decisions were illegal and would be changed.

Some few felt that the ramifications of our beach issue extended further than the problem of providing adequate recreational facilities. They felt that it had hardened into an issue of principle and become the focal point in Sarasota of the Negroes' desire to integrate. But, ironically, the initiative toward the only integration ever accomplished on a Florida public beach came from whites. This was effected at the request of white fishermen to use a colored beach during its annual run of bluefish. "It would be unbecoming of us to refuse," the colored superintendent is said to have answered.

OUR twelve-man committee delibated twelve tortured days. Then they came up with a spit of land recently washed up at the Southern end of Siesta Key. At first glance the project looked feasible. At least it was far enough from developed property not to be too costly. But on second thought, its disadvantages were all too obvious, and Siesta Key interests were quick to make good use of them. The spot was unstable, unsafe, inaccessible and, incidentally, its choice would be an injustice to Siesta Key residents. One gentleman went so far as to point out that establishment of a segregated beach might be of doubtful legality. Speculation continues concerning his exact intent.

A delay in the hearing of the committee's proposal allowed objections to be well aired. The decisive day came at last, and again Commissioner Leach made an imaginative contribution. The hearing was set for 1:30. The commission was scheduled to tidy away other concerns during the morning. At 10, tucked in between inconsequential and routine matters, a statement was read. Mr. Leach, it said, being unwell and unable to engage in controversy, wanted to make his position on the recommended beach clear at this time (by happy coincidence representatives from Siesta Key were there in a body). Briefly, Mr. Leach felt that the committee's recommendation should be rejected on the grounds that the site was unsafe and unstable, and he made a motion to that effect. It was carried. He further made a motion to dissolve the committee and shelve consideration of a Negro beach



until after election, as the carrying out of any decision would devolve upon the newly constituted commission. This motion was also carried.

The chairman, mindful of his manners, suggested that this was a rather abrupt way to dismiss a committee that had given its time and thought to the problem. A motion to thank the committee was made and carried.

Nobody was happy as a result of this well-oiled maneuver except the disburdened commissioners and the residents of Siesta Key. Personal relief outweighed the conviction of many of the latter that the Negroes really should have a gulf beach. It would be very nice if such a beach could be located on Lido or Longboat. Many Longboat and Lido residents said that it was quite a shame that the Siesta site had been rejected. There was all-round censure of the commission for shirking its duty.

MacKinlay Kantor, Sarasota's own Pulitzer Prize winner, gave this condemnation new impetus when he wired the commission either to provide a Negro beach quickly or he would write, for a national magazine, an article called Sarasota Cheats Its Colored Children. The county commission sat in silence. One weary voice finally said, "We've done all we can."

Meanwhile Mr. Kantor, touched on a sensitive nerve by some mistaken assumptions in the volume of comment his wire provoked, wrote a clarifying letter. He wasn't, as some seemed to think, "madly in favor of integration"; in fact he thought it would be "a grave mistake." He didn't think his "colored friends" wanted an integrated beach, and he was sure that they were happy to "have somebody in there pitching for them to get a colored beach." Mr. Kantor must be a little short-sighted or he would have seen that instead of being a lone figure, he was lost in a crowd of others "in there pitching" for a Negro beach, even though they were missing a catcher.

One strong voice from the Chamber of Commerce cut through the shilly-shallying. It said straight out that the only proper site for a Negro beach was in the Negro district. An artificial lake should be dredged out and white sand spread around its edges. We should give our colored people the finest artificial lake that could be had, and there should be picnic grounds, barbecue pits, baseball diamonds, basketball courts, an auditorium, dance hall, gymnasium and restaurant. This separate but better lake beach would be preferred by our colored friends, he asserted, past evidence to the contrary.

QUITE unexpectedly, the county commission came back to recoup its losses. Headlines announced that it had at last chosen a Negro beach site and was proceeding immediately to acquire it. Where? Between Lido and Siesta Key, in Big Pass. We were puzzled. No, it was not visible; it was a submerged bar that the commission proposed to build up. Expensive? Unstable? Unsafe? Yes, but . . . Inaccessible? Oh, we could operate a ferry until we could build a bridge to it. Exactly where in the channel

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had they located this bar? Why, right off Mr. Kantor's private beach.

A few days later the laugh was on the other side. A reporter discovered, through the minutes of the county commission, that it had acquired this very sandbar in '53 when it was whirling on a similar hot spot. A flustered search turned up the deed, and Commissioner Leach, on delivering it to the clerk, read us all a little homily on the wisdom of recording deeds.

These striking *Gargouillades* have all landed us on precisely the same spot. Here we await a choreographer who can provide a resolution. Will the two new county commissioners who, during their campaigns for election, declared the incumbents remiss in handling the beach issue, be able to suggest more than a higher vertical leap with an extra *rond de jambe?*

We have been postponing desegregation at great cost to ourselves until, as so many of us say, our Negro population is prepared for it. But regardless of what preparation the colored community may or may not need, the tragic truth is that we, with our superior backgrounds and opportunities, need even more preparation.

LETTER from LONDON

(Continued from inside front cover)

who had done well out of the war" dominated the House of Commons. He was painfully conscious of the fact that power had passed to the coal-barons and beer-lords, the profiteers and business men who saw the Tory party not as a vocation but as a means to make more money. Along with three other young men, Macmillan formed a ginger group within the party—sardonically termed the Y.M.C.A.—whose purpose was to resist the brutal encroachments of the millionaires' group, whom they called the "Forty Thieves." The Y.M.C.A. did not prosper, and when the thirties brought unemployment and fascism, Macmillan moved even further to the left. In 1936, he even went so far as to refuse the party Whip, and many thought he would eventually join Labor, especially when, in 1938, he published *The Middle Way,* a plea for greater state organization in industry and the provision of welfare services. Most of what he asked for has long since been accepted even by the Tories, but in 1938 it was regarded as "creeping socialism."

Yet Macmillan is now not only acceptable but welcome to the right-wing of his party; indeed, many British newspapers have hailed his selection as a victory for the die-hards. Why? There is no easy answer to this question. Macmillan himself has doubtless changed considerably, particularly since 1945. Labor's great victory at the polls, in which he himself lost his seat, filled him with bitterness. His own decimated generation, he felt, had been betrayed by its greedy and unprincipled elders, and when a new generation of idealists came of age, they had chosen to serve in another party whose principles were to him anathema. During the period of Labor supremacy, Macmillan took comparatively little interest in politics, and at one time it looked as though he would leave them altogether. When Churchill returned and Macmillan was given his big chance at the Ministry of Housing, he took it, of course, with both hands, and this helped to restore his faith in himself and his party; nevertheless, it is a fairly safe bet that only a period of national crisis could have given him the leadership.

THE reason for this lies in the curious dichotomy of British Toryism. At the heart of the Tory mind lies a belief in leadership, a conviction that certain classes of men are marked out by heredity and situation to govern. This is, in a sense, the direct antithesis of democracy; and, in order to survive in the age of the mass electorate, the Tory party has been forced to introduce the concept of the "Tory Democracy," in which a blend of patriotic romanticism and the acceptance of change is employed to secure the allegiance of classes whose economic interests are in direct conflict with the Tory classes themselves. Tory Democracy was foreshadowed by Disraeli, created by Lord Randolph Churchill, Winston's father, and in our own day it has been developed and strengthened by Butler. But it has always been an uneasy bedfellow with the leadership principle, and in times of crisis the two tend to fall out. When this happens, which of the two wins the day depends on the circumstances of the crisis. In 1945, faced with the crisis of defeat, the Tories chose the policies of Butler and of the clever, young moderates who followed in his wake; and in the six years prior to 1951, he re-shaped the party's program and persuaded its rank-and-file to accept the welfare state. But the crisis today is of a very different nature. For the last two years, the Tories have felt the lack of a strong and purposeful leader. They were able to bully Sir Anthony down the precipitous slope, but once over the brink his nerve failed, and he desperately tried to scramble back up again. This performance has left the party ashamed and bewildered. Hence, their first instinct now is to look for a leader: not necessarily a popular leader, or even a wise one, but a man who can make decisions and stick to them. In Macmillan they believe they have found one.

The tragedy, of course, is that the long-term future of the party must lie with Butler, or with other men who think like him. The Suez crisis may appear a victory for the extremists, but most observers here predict that it will, in the long run, prove fatal for the imperialist wing of the party. But with Macmillan in power and the Butler wing in temporary eclipse, the party will, in the immediate future, be fighting against the inexorable tide of events, and this will inevitably set up an internal conflict which may prove impossible to resolve except in the wilderness of opposition. A spell in opposition, in fact, is what an increasing number of Tories are beginning to want. Indeed, one might almost say that the party as a whole is today filled with a death-wish; but the selection of Macmillan as Premier is a sign that it intends to die on its feet.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Bloomsbury's Water-Spiders

VIRGINIA WOOLF & LYTTON STRACHEY LETTERS. Edited by Leonard Woolf and James Strachey. Harcourt Brace. $4.50.

By Walter Allen

WHATEVER we may think of Bloomsbury and the Bloomsbury Group, there can be no doubt that Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey were at its center. They were, so to speak, founder-members of a society that never knew it was a society until the outside world gave it a name thirty years after its founding. Another founder-member, Clive Bell, in his forthcoming *Old Friends*, asks the question, "Did 'Bloomsbury' ever exist?" In the sense of anything like a movement or a school, with principles and dogma and program, it certainly never did; but as certainly it was a very real entity to the outside world that saw itself excluded as from a magic circle. It was surely right to find in its members, in the friends who composed it and the friends of the friends, a common attitude of mind.

It was an attitude of some complexity and not easy for the outsider to understand. To him it often appeared masked by an expression, no doubt irritating, of conscious superiority. In fact, the young ladies and gentlemen who met in the early years of the century at the Misses Vanessa and Virginia Stephen's flat in Bloomsbury were an intellectual aristocracy, and knew it. But the attitude was two-faced, and this was disconcerting. J. M. Keynes, another charter member, found in the group two apparently contradictory sides, which he saw as characteristic of the two Cambridge colleges where the young men of the group had been undergraduates and friends. From King's College came what Keynes called "low habits"; from Trinity, austerity. By "low habits" he meant irreverence, frivolity, that cheerfulness which keeps always breaking through; the austerity linked them with the high-minded, high-thinking, Alpine-climbing Victorians who had been their fathers.

These attributes seem to have existed in the members of the group irrespective of where they came from. D. H. Lawrence, meeting them in 1915, was conscious only of the "low habits": "When I saw Keynes that morning in Cambridge it was one of the crises of my life. It sent me mad with misery and hostility and rage." They were, he told David Garnett, "done for." More than twenty years later, Keynes, in his paper, "My Early Beliefs," admitted that "there may have been just a grain of truth" in Lawrence's outburst. "Our comments on life and affairs were bright and amusing, but brittle—as I have said of the conversation of [Bertrand] Russell and myself with Lawrence—because there was no solid diagnosis of human nature underlying them."

ALL the same, it is important to remember, especially at a time when Bloomsbury is under attack from all sides, that its members were intellectually brilliant, were, when they were not artists and scientists themselves, the transmitters of new ideas, new modes of apprehension, we now take for granted. The achievements of Keynes, Mrs. Woolf, E. M. Forster, Strachey, speak for themselves; three others of the group, Roger Fry, Clive Bell and Desmond MacCarthy, first introduced the modern movement in painting to Britain, and Strachey's brother James and Virginia Woolf's brother Adrian Stephen were pioneer psychoanalysts. The group lived in a world where ideas had a free passage.

Intellectuals have never been common, much liked or extraordinarily influential in England. In England, to be an intellectual is to be isolated and also to be conscious, it seems, of a solemn superiority, that solemn superiority Forster expresses so well in the characters of the three Schlegels in *Howard's End.* But Forster at least raises the cry there, "Only connect!" Perhaps the first impression formed after reading these letters between Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey is the sense of a lack of connection between the small world in which both have their being and the greater world without. This is unfair. Every letter-writer adapts himself to the person whom he is addressing; in all letters there is a distortion of personality, conscious or otherwise. In this correspondence, both writers were formidable personalities—and each, one guesses, frightened of the other as he was not of many other people. Virginia Woolf was perhaps rather more frightened of Strachey than he of her.

There was, too, something between them. Strachey had proposed marriage to Virginia Stephen and, to his immediate horror, she had accepted him. The matter was soon adjusted to Strachey's satisfaction, and they remained friends. All the same, one feels a certain striving on her part to respond to him in his image. As a writer, Strachey surely represents beyond any others of the group the side Keynes summed up in the words "low habits." Irreverence, mockery, were his stock in trade, and it is here in the letters. There is no need to say that they are very amusing letters. Mrs. Woolf's, however, are rather different. The image of her that we get from her novels is essentially the exquisitely refined feminine sensibility matching sense-impression with sense-impression in the hopeless task of attempting to draw out a significant pattern from the flux of things. The artist appears in the letters: she valued Strachey's praise above most men's. But what also appears, among other things, is Virginia Woolf being bawdy. And

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this is disconcerting, not because of the bawdry but because of its almost comic suggestion of the consciously emancipated woman circa 1900. There are, one feels, whole aspects of Virginia Woolf that her letters to Strachey do not show.

What they do show, however—and this is reinforced by Strachey's—is something saddening: deficiency in human sympathy. It is apparent even in comments on close friends. It comes out notably in the picture that emerges of Lady Ottoline Morrell, the famous politico-literary hostess who appears as Hermione Roddice in Lawrence's *Women in Love*. After all the sneering, the jeering, the caricaturing, one can only wonder why, if he found the woman so dreadful, Strachey kept on going to her house parties. It would be absurd to take these letters as evidence of the real stature of either of their authors. Yet they are bound to strengthen the common impression of Bloomsbury as being somehow lacking in feeling. "I can see us as water-spiders," Keynes wrote of himself and his friends as young men, "gracefully skimming, as light and reasonable as air, the surface of the stream without any contact at all with the eddies and currents underneath." That is what this correspondence suggests. One knows that, in the case of Virginia Woolf, it is wrong. But there it is.

The Hydrogen Balance

THE POLITICS OF ATOMIC STALEMATE. Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations. By P. M. S. Blackett. Cambridge University Press. $2.

By Matthew Josephson

IN sweetly reasonable tones Professor Blackett reviews the atomic arms race of the last decade, reports on the latest market prospects for genocidal weapons, and then delivers his prognosis. It is one of sober hope. There seems to be no easy exit from atomic deadlock, but hope rests in the deadlock itself—in the rapid approach of the world's two superstates to parity in the new arms. Nuclear world war between the United States and Soviet Russia, he holds, is now "highly unlikely." "We must learn to live with the bomb," while leaving it unused; and every year that passes is so much gained. Even for England, which is so much closer than we to the center of danger, Blackett counsels that "Effort put into long-range strategic atomic carriers should clearly be pruned to the limit."

Such counsel, to be sure, flouts all the wisdom of our Colonel Blimps of air-atomic power. But Professor Blackett, a Nobel prize-winner in physics and one of the top scientific advisers of the British government in World War II, is nothing if not knowledgeable in these matters. As in his notable earlier work, *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy*, he uses the deadly missiles of logic against the Big Bomber Generals.

IN this strange decade of atomic folly, with its immense waste of resources and skilled labor, men have swung alternately between delusion and the sense of reality. Looking back, we in America now realize that our "corner" in A-bombs should never have been considered more than a temporary advantage; yet we have proceeded as if it would last forever and formed no alternate plans. Actually the United States and its Western allies have pursued a dual policy in the atomic cold war: one putative, or "declaratory"; the other an "action" policy. Thus, the original Acheson-Lilienthal plan for internationalizing the A-bomb under control of the U.N. was declaratory; as J. R. Oppenheimer, one of its authors, has admitted, its terms were made such that Russia could not possibly have agreed to them without facing a collapse of the Communist system. When no agreement was reached, we proceeded, after 1946, to use our atomic monopoly as an instrument for (potential) Massive Retaliation.

The new weapon was to be our insurance of quick and cheap victory over the greater land armies of the adversary, our sole means, in the words of Churchill, of "saving the West from subjugation by communism." After the Russian A-bomb test of 1949, we trusted in the qualitative advantage of an H-bomb as deterrent against Communist aggression. However, in the 1954 show-down in Indo-China, as Blackett points out, our declaratory policy was revealed to be one thing, our action policy was another—inaction. We went to the brink with Mr. Dulles and shrank back from total nuclear war, taking the best compromise we could get.

One of Blackett's most striking observations is that our assumed advantage in atomic power, far from safeguarding us against the dangers of war or cold

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, in January 1956, wrote for The Nation *"The Big Guns," a series on the U. S. military establishment. He is the author, among other books, of* The Robber Barons.

For Isaac Rosenfeld

He had read those same words over many men,
Tall and short, stupid or literary;

But today was an honor, for he spoke his dreary
text over a man of learning;

We strained to hear, and the light
was incapable, against the dark wainscot,

Obscure and thick-grained, as were our
memory's searchings in their going round

and round the thought of you: the day we met
on State Street and talked of Sylvia

Who walked like a princess and sang
opera at a party; she was a dark memory

In that mind of tissues fading away
Even as we watch: We search

In this shaved and talcumed face
The wit and skill we knew; finally

We fail: no memory can circle
arc so broad as the course of your movement

through our lives; nor can love embrace
the unbodied meaning of your many ways of warmth.

DAVID RAY

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war, actually encouraged us to initiate the cold war. While reducing our conventional arms we used the A-bomb to threaten or "contain" Communist power. The Soviet leaders, in logical response to our air-atomic diplomacy, as Blackett holds, drove their people to the most terrible exertions so that they might overtake us in nuclear arms production—bringing us down to the present stalemate of terror. On the other hand, parity or balance in the new arms, has produced, not added anxiety, but a decided fall in cold war tension, almost a universal sense of relief. Unilaterally, silently, and in its own interests of self-preservation, each of the two military-technological superstates has determined to avoid nuclear world war. In drawing these inferences Blackett stands in accord with the recent findings of a group of American experts (as published in the May and June, 1956, issues of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*). Some of these American specialists have even noted a rapprochement, however reluctant, between the two great nuclear-armed states, which was visible in the Suez Canal incident. At any rate there has lately been a moratorium on atomic threats.

BY THE end of 1955, according to Blackett's working estimates (and those of *Janes*), we owned a stockpile of 30,000 assorted A-bombs and 2,000 hydrogen bombs, while Soviet Russia commanded a stockpile consisting of about twenty per cent of the same matériel. But Russia's airpower now either equals or surpasses our own, and there is no sure defense in sight—still less one against the intercontinental guided missile. In the event of war with us, Russia must count on the destruction of her key industrial areas and much of her population; and we must reckon that, while we might "win" the war, only fifty successful H-bomb sorties by the enemy would destroy our own home front, while only five such sorties would take care of England. Hence U. S. military planners are quietly searching for some limited scheme of atomic warfare (called Gradual Deterrence), though our declaratory policies are continued as if there were no relative parity.

Adlai Stevenson, in the recent campaign, ventured to raise the question of stopping the hydrogen bomb tests as an issue for the public to vote on. He was roundly rebuked by most of our press for not leaving such matters to the military planners. But open discussion of this issue is very much in the interests of the civilian public, since, as Blackett dryly remarks, "the civilians themselves are the main target of much contemplated military action." It is to the task of creating an intelligent public opinion on such affairs that Blackett addresses himself. His book is brief (107 pages), brilliantly reasoned, and authoritative as a resumé of modern nuclear power politics; hence all-important. Yet it has been but little noticed or reviewed in this country.

We should proceed, he urges, as if nuclear world war *is unlikely*, and not merely go on piling up a surfeit of genocidal weapons. This means that we must go on living under what has been called a "balance of terror." But such mere existence has never been endurable to civilized men. Have they not, under the somewhat comparable circumstances of the "holy" or prolonged religious wars of the past, repeatedly striven to create security of life and peace under some recognized concordat, rather than cower forever under the regimen of fear? Many voices now call for firm international agreement to limit the production of those costly nuclear arms whose usage in actual war appears doubtful. To be sure, with total war unlikely, many "nationalist" and local uprisings are taking place, especially among the smaller, have-not states. But these we can afford to deal with, whereas mankind, the earth itself, cannot afford total atomic ruin. We could easily afford to rehabilitate the backward regions of the world, if even a part of the immense resources we give to the making of atomic arms were diverted to the work of peaceful reconstruction in those regions.

In a Dutch Town

In a Dutch town, a red bricked town,
I the child, I on wooden shoes sang
upon the cobbles, singing withal,
circling hand in clutching hand,
around the victim and the slayer:

"Maria sat in majesty, majesty,
But was scared to death.
There came that wicked Frederick,
Frederick, and chopped off her head."

Old women like dun partridges mumbled:
see how well they massacre and circle,
yet sing and pirouette, and nothing
can stop them dead, not even the monkey
miens of us the wellnigh ominous and dead.

"Maria rose from majesty, majesty,
But no longer scared to death,
She marches with a grown-up clatter
And lops off that Frederick's head."

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

Medical Hypnosis

HYPNOTISM. Its History, Practice and Theory. By J. Milne Bramwell. Julian Press. $6.50.

By Ashley Montagu

THE HISTORY of hypnotism is bestrewn with the wreckage of the lives of distinguished men, the victims of their own colleagues' persecution, derision, and neglect. Elliotson, Esdaile, and Braid were, in England, the principal victims of their colleagues' bigoted closed-mindedness. In France Liebault and in Germany Preyer received a deliberate inattention on the part of most of their medical colleagues. Yet the influence of all these pioneers was by no means inconsiderable. It was not, however, until the beginning of the twentieth century that hypnotism was accorded a fair hearing in the English-speaking world, and this was in large part due to the remarkable work of J. Milne Bramwell, culminating in the publication of his classic book *Hypnotism* in 1903 in London. That volume has been out of print for many years. It is now republished by the Institute for Research in Hypnosis and the Julian Press of New York.

As a boy Bramwell had observed his own father, Dr. J. P. Bramwell, conducting experiments in hypnosis. After qualifying as a doctor, Bramwell began

ASHLEY MONTAGU is an anthropologist and social biologist whose latest book is The Bisocial Nature of Man. *He teaches at the New School for Social Research.*

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using hypnosis in his general practice, and it was not long before he convinced a good part of the medical fraternity of the usefulness of hypnotism in medical procedure. His skill resulted in a deluge of patients, so that he was caused to give up general practice for the therapeutic application of hypnotism. Bramwell apparently read everything that had ever been written on the subject, and visited every clinic in Europe in which hypnotism was being used as a therapeutic method. As a consequence his knowledge of the history and practice of hypnotism was unequalled by anyone in his time. This knowledge he incorporated in his beautifully-written book. As Dr. Milton V. Kline writes in his brief editorial note: "At the present time it is in many ways a more meaningful book than at the time of its original publication. It is one of the monumental works on hypnosis and will be treasured by both professional workers in the field and those about to enter it." To this I would add that the general reader interested in the subject could hardly do better than turn to it for a reliable introduction to the history, theory and practice of hypnotism.

Gabriela Mistral

(Lucila Godoy y Alcayaga: 7 April 1889–10 Jan. 1957)

By Waldo Frank

THREE small volumes of verse will keep her present and alive. *Desolación, Tala* (Havoc), and *Ternura* (the tenderness that only strength achieves): the progress of the titles tells us much about her. It is impossible to think about her work, which will surely endure, without recalling the visible active image of the woman who is gone. She came from the mineral mountains and deserts of northern Chile. I did not know her before her thirtieth year, but I doubt if she could ever have been pretty or at all endowed with the conventional feminine charms. She called herself, somewhat proudly, a Basque *mestiza;* and her broad grey face was impassive like those of her Araucanian forebears who never yielded to the Spanish; passionate-stoical like her Basque fathers. She was very tall, and she walked—before her health began to fail—more like a man than a woman, more like an Indian than a European, more like a great rhythmic animal than like a groping human being. Her dress—always black, grey and loose; always ungainly—announced her complete obliviousness to style, except her own. It seemed aloof from the decorative function of woman's dress; it was there exclusively, one felt, for defense against inclement weathers. For if Gabriela made one think of her Andes in all their immobile composure, her wide dark eyes expressed a sensitivity, a delicacy too exposed for peace. The strength was monumental; the tonality was woman.

Her verse issued from this paradox of her nature. Superbly sculptured, it was warm, spontaneous, fragile as a child's body—and the loom of the mountains, the dark of death, was miraculously in it. In her youth, Gabriela had had an unhappy love affair. But to know her was to be certain that no individual love, however complete, could have fulfilled her. She was the bard of mothers and children; but she was also the laureate of her vast American earth: of the mountains, ice and burning valley. The convergence of these in her prosody was her genius.

A lucid intelligence observed its process, and gave her the detachment the artist needs. She wrote songs which a million children sing; but she knew "the lullaby to be a treat that the mother gives to herself, not to the babe who cannot understand." "The cradle song," she said, "is nothing more than a second milk of the mother"; and "woman," she observed, "is the being in the world who sings the most." Her sense of motherhood grew wide, intricate and deep. Before she was thirty, she had outgrown Chile. She traversed the Americas, mobile as a troubadour. Often with a love turned savage, she defended every cause of the people against both the dictator and the "regiment" within them. But wherever she went (and she spent much time in Brazil, the United States and Europe), she consorted chiefly with Hispano-Americans; they were her family, and she was a sister and a mother.

SHE wrote innumerable articles, all in a muscular swift prose almost as remarkable as her verse. They were published profusely in the daily and weekly press. And wherever she was, she was ready to talk till dawn with her friends, over a cigarette and a cup of coffee. Each night, she prayed on her knees beside her bed—to a God who had no dogmatic home. And from time to time, her prayer took form on a sheet of paper in her lap, the form of a poem: a form both lithic and fleshly, musical and engraved, micro- and macro-cosmic, which will make her poems perhaps the most enduring of our epoch.

Monumental and lucid, she was vulnerable as any woman. Her friends had to guard against her flares of injustice, even more against her sudden enthusiasms for newcomers with more needs than talents. She loved above all to talk with her friends about her friends. Three years ago for instance, when Perón put our friend Victoria Ocampo into jail, Gabriela (already a sick woman) made the hard trip to Cape Cod to talk with me for three solid days about Victoria. Victoria, scrubbing filthy floors in the Argentine prison, became, it seemed to Gabriela, present; breathed the good air we were breathing.

NOT EVEN the briefest evocation of Gabriela Mistral should omit the active part in her greatness played by the response to her in all America Hispana. In 1921, before Federico de Onís published her first book, with her reluctant consent, she was unknown. A year later, she was a heroine from Mexico southward. Great poetry in the domain of Spanish has never lost its immediate unity with the voice of the people; and when it sounds it is heard. In this sense, it has remained what French poetry ceased to be after Villon, English after the Elizabethans, German after Walther von der Vogelweide. Gabriela's verse went to the folk, even beyond the literate, for it was much recited. This permitted her to become an ambassadress of the Hispanic spirit. More often than not, she scolded the governments of her Chile; she sulked and for years refused to go home. But Chile made her a life-time Consul, with a guaranteed salary and the right to "set up shop" wherever she wanted in the world. A poet was more important than a president; the presidents and the people knew it.

I recall a visit some years ago to Punta Arenas, Chile's southernmost city, and the world's. (It is just north of Tierra del Fuego.) The governor invited me to dinner, to enjoy the rare seafood of those Antarctic waters, and to meet the leading citizens of Patagonian Chile. What was the talk about? Mostly about Gabriela. In her earliest years, she had taught school in Punta Arenas; she had published poems in the local paper.

A cultural world that loves and that *uses* its poets in this fashion: its Gabriela, its Nerudo, its Alfonso Reyes, has a health deeper than its political shortcomings.

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TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

January 28 through February 2
(See local papers for time and channel)

Monday, January 28

TONIGHT (NBC). The show's new format will concentrate on tempo of night life throughout the country. Highlights of current entertainment and live coverage of news; backstage visits to theatres, nightclubs and big parties will be included. Six columnists will cover "America after Dark": from New York City, Earl Wilson, Hy Gardner, Bob Considine; from the Midwest, Irv Kupcinet; from the West Coast, Paul Coates and Vernon Scott. Jack Lescoulie moves up from *Today* to coordinate and preside over the five-a-week show.

Thursday, January 31

THE GREER CASE (CBS; Playhouse 90). Melvyn Douglas, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Anita Louise, Una Merkel and Edmund Gwenn as a special guest star are cast in a drama of legal conflict based on New York County records and a novel by Justice David Peck who presided over the real hearings. TV adaptation by Whitfield Cook, produced by Martin Manulis.

Monday, January 28

"LA TRAVIATA" HIGHLIGHTS (ABC; Voice of Firestone). Elaine Malbin and tenor Guiseppe Campora.

Radio

Tuesday, January 29

BIOGRAPHIES IN SOUND (NBC). Franklin D. Roosevelt is this week's subject in an intelligent series.

GENERAL LAURIS NORSTAD (ABC). The only speech to be made by the new commander of NATO during his brief visit to the United States.

Saturday, February 2

DIE WALKURE (ABC). Second in the Metropolitan Opera's presentation of the Ring cycle. A.W.L.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE METROPOLITAN, in my opinion, has no business producing things like Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* and Offenbach's *La Perichole,* just as it would have no business producing *Show Boat* or *Pal Joey;* and it should not produce them in English translation. Those who argue for opera in English insist that it is most essential for the effectiveness of comedy; but the fact is that sung English cannot be clearly heard and understood in the huge Metropolitan, so that the amusing song of the three cousins in the first act of *La Perichole* didn't get a snicker from the audience. And giving the work in English at the Metropolitan means that two Peruvian street-singers named La Perichole and Pequillo are transformed into a couple of Americans named Patrice Munsel and Theodore Uppman who go around singing in Peruvian stage costumes. These are the Metropolitan production's principal liabilities; but it is not without assets: Cyril Ritchard's Viceroy, a performance made superb by his powers of presence and projection as a stage comic; the beautiful settings and costumes designed by Rolf Gerard; the fine musical performance conducted by Jean Morel.

After this, investigating the Metropolitan's fourth *Aida* of the season, I heard Milanov, in the title role, wrestling with an unlovely and wobbly voice and managing somehow to conclude an aria with a pianissimo high note that brought back momentarily the beautiful Milanov voice of years ago; Baum, the Rhadames, exhibiting an agreeable tenor for which Del Monaco had taught me to be grateful; Barbieri, a sumptuous-voiced Amneris, twice ending a scene with a note which was excruciatingly flat, but which each time elicited shouts of *"Bravo Barbieri!"* from the shining-eyed younger standees; and Robert McFerrin, with a beautiful baritone voice that lacked a little of the power needed for Amonasro. The sets of Rolf Gerard, the staging of Margaret Webster as preserved by Robert Herman, the dances devised by Zachary Solow add up to one of the Metropolitan's less successful achievements; and what little dramatic illusion was created by the principals this time was destroyed by Baum's way of rocking on his feet and otherwise suggesting a benevolently interested but uninvolved observer of the curious proceedings.

OVERTONE 9 offers the first recorded performances of sacred vocal music by the little-known seventeenth-century composer Johann Rosenmüller: *In te, Domine, speravi* and *Nunc dimittis* for soprano, and *Die Augen des Herrn* and *Confiteor tibi, Domine* for chorus. The expressive florid writing for solo voice in the first two pieces is moving and beautiful; and the choral writing in the others is equally impressive in its different way. Excellent performances by Helen Boatwright, the Choir of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, New Haven, and instrumentalists under Howard Boatwright's direction.

A number of motets from Book 3 of Heinrich Isaac's *Choralis Constantinus* and several by Ruffo, Tallis, des Prés, Hassler and Palestrina are on Esoteric 546, sung by the Renaissance Chorus under Harold Brown. The pieces are fine; the singing by the group of youngsters from the High School of Music and Art, New York, is outstanding in its purity and transparency of tone, its supple and sensitive phrasing. The performances are reproduced with occasional ringing resonance and occasional shrillness in the sound of the sopranos.

A first recording of Handel's oratorio *Solomon* on Angel 3546 gives us an abridgment of the work of Beecham, who also reorchestrated it. What is presented by the records includes lovely solo pieces and magnificent choral passages which

CAREY McWILLIAMS SPEAKS:

Berkeley, Jan. 31, 7:30 P.M.

"INTERNATIONAL ISSUES AND AMERICAN POLITICS"

Auspices: Friends Committee on Legislation, First Unitarian Church, Dana & Bancroft Way, Berkeley, California.

San Francisco, Feb. 1, 8:30 P.M.

"THE INDEPENDENT VOTER vs. THE TWO-PARTY SYSTEM"

Auspices: Independent Socialist Forum, 150 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

Denver, Feb. 3, 7:30 P.M.

"THE OUTLOOK FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES"

Auspices: Colorado Branch, American Civil Liberties Union, Farmers Union Auditorium, 16th & Sherman.

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are sung beautifully by Elsie Morison and Lois Marshall, sopranos; Alexander Young, tenor; James Cameron, baritone, and the Beecham Choral Society (Denis Vaughan, chorus master), and fine instrumental writing which is played beautifully by the Royal Philharmonic; and all this music is paced, shaped, articulated and phrased effectively by Beecham in one of his better perfomances of recent years.

The performance of Haydn's *The Creation* conducted by Markevitch on Decca DX-138 has more grace of movement and refinement of phrasing and execution than the one conducted by Möldike on Vanguard 471/2, but is reproduced with less clarity of orchestral detail in instrumental passages and behind the singing. The soloists—Irmgard Seefried, soprano; Richard Holm, tenor; and Kim Borg, bass—the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the Berlin Philharmonic perform excellently.

Haydn's *The Seasons,* though it isn't as impressive as *The Creation,* has lovely and charming pages, and some powerful ones in the *Winter* section. The first complete performance on Haydn 2027 was rather poor; now Decca DX-123 offers a better one conducted effectively by Fricsay, with a soprano, Elfride Trötschel, who sings acceptably but not as beautifully as the tenor, Walter Ludwig, and the bass, Josef Greindl, and with the RIAS Chamber Choir, the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the RIAS Symphony, all of which perform well. Excessive reverberation makes the recorded sound harsh.

Except for a couple of characteristic momentary slacknesses Bruno Walter's performance of Mozart's Requiem on Columbia ML-5012 moves with a steadiness that makes its rhetorical expansiveness powerful and impressive. Good singing by Seefried, Tourel, Simoneau, David Warfield and the Westminster Choir; good playing by the New York Philharmonic; excessively reverberant recording which robs the recorded sound of clarity.

Scherchen's eccentricities of tempo and execution make his performance of Mozart's Requiem on London DTL-93079 something to avoid.

Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* is on London XLL-1273, sung well by Häfliger (Oedipus), Hélène Bouvier (Jocasta), James Loomis (Creon and the Messenger) and La Société chorale du Brassus (André Charlet, chorus master) with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande under Ansermet. The performance is good, but doesn't have the hard clarity, tension and power of the one conducted by Stravinsky himself on Columbia ML-4644.

LETTERS

Comment on Bronowski

Dear Sirs: It is no accident that most scientists and mathematicians have tried to insulate themselves from the impacts of society outside their own arena of activity. Nor was such action stupid from a short-term viewpoint. The ivory-tower attitude was a productive one in the sense that it gave immunity to the scholar in exchange for his tacit contract to keep out of practical matters. It is possible that without this *modus vivendi* science as we know it would not exist, because through most of the past power has been held by groups without innate friendliness to the intellectual enterprise of science. . . .

Bronowski has pointed up in a forceful and dramatic way the dilemma which now faces Science and Society. Science is no longer the innocuous pursuit of the recluse. Society has begun to see vaguely that the scientific method is shaking the foundation of its belief in authoritarian revelation at the same time that it is providing technology with the power to destroy mankind itself. Bronowski sees hope in the incorporation of the spirit of the scientific method of thought into the fabric of our twentieth-century civilization. His logic as to the desirableness of such an evolution is impeccable. His hope that general awareness of the complete futility of total war in the hydrogen-bomb age may deter mankind from a one-way excursion into oblivion is probably sound. But his formula for its early accomplishment is, I think, unduly optimistic. . . .

Perhaps Bronowski thinks that by a more lucid presentation of the case for adoption of "the scientists' ethic" in a society "which scrupulously seeks knowledge to match and govern its power," he will increase the likelihood of early achievement of such a desirable end. This is the bright view, but I take a darker one, myself. If I do not expect to see an H-bomb war in my time, it is not because a Mr. Eisenhower or a Mr. Bulganin would have any determining moral scruples against using hydrogen bombs on other people, but simply because neither one of them or anyone else in their places is likely to want to commit personal as well as national suicide. In other words, I see no prospect that "those deeper illuminations" will sharpen the outline of moral thinking in our times, as Bronowski hopes. Rather, I propose that the dreadfulness of the prospect of self-injury may hold the human race from self-destruction until such a time when general enlightenment may make the Bronowski vision possible as a reality.

In the meantime the most pressing question is what people of good will can do to hasten that day. In this respect the shock of the realization of the scientist's responsibility for putting more deadly weapons of destruction into the hands of politicians and power cliques has had profound consequences for scientists themselves. It has disturbed their ivory-tower complex of complacency and insulation. If Bronowski's essay would stir thinking men and women, especially among scientists themselves, to re-examine the popular basic presuppositions of conventional public and private morals, as to their justification by revelation and intuition rather than by observation and experience, great good might come. But this means an attack, however devious it may be, on the traditional religions of the world. Bronowski says in essence that a scientific study of problems of value is both possible and desirable. I agree, but I see its consequences as a very long-term proposition. For the shorter term I think that mass education as to the absolute finality of hydrogen war is better than attempts to change the deeper thought patterns of the masses which are so strongly influenced by emotions related to religious tradition and experience. The history of mankind till now gives little hope that fundamental changes in folk-thought patterns can occur in less than centuries. We are living in days when doom could be only minutes away.

I endorse Bronowski's principal thesis entirely. I would object only if anyone were to suppose that his Utopia could be expected soon enough to do much good in the troubled world of our generation.

MAURICE B. VISSCHER
Professor of Physiology
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis

[*Professor Visscher has held many distinguished scientific posts, including the presidency of the American Physiological Society.*]

Dear Sirs: I read Mr. Bronowski's article with immense interest, delight and profit. I have seen nothing quite like it for exposition both of the nature of science and of its profound connection with the most precious values of mankind.

As a teacher of European history, I could make good use of the article in my course on European civilization.

DAVID P. LEONARD
Assistant Professor of History
Mt. Holyoke College
South Hadley, Mass.

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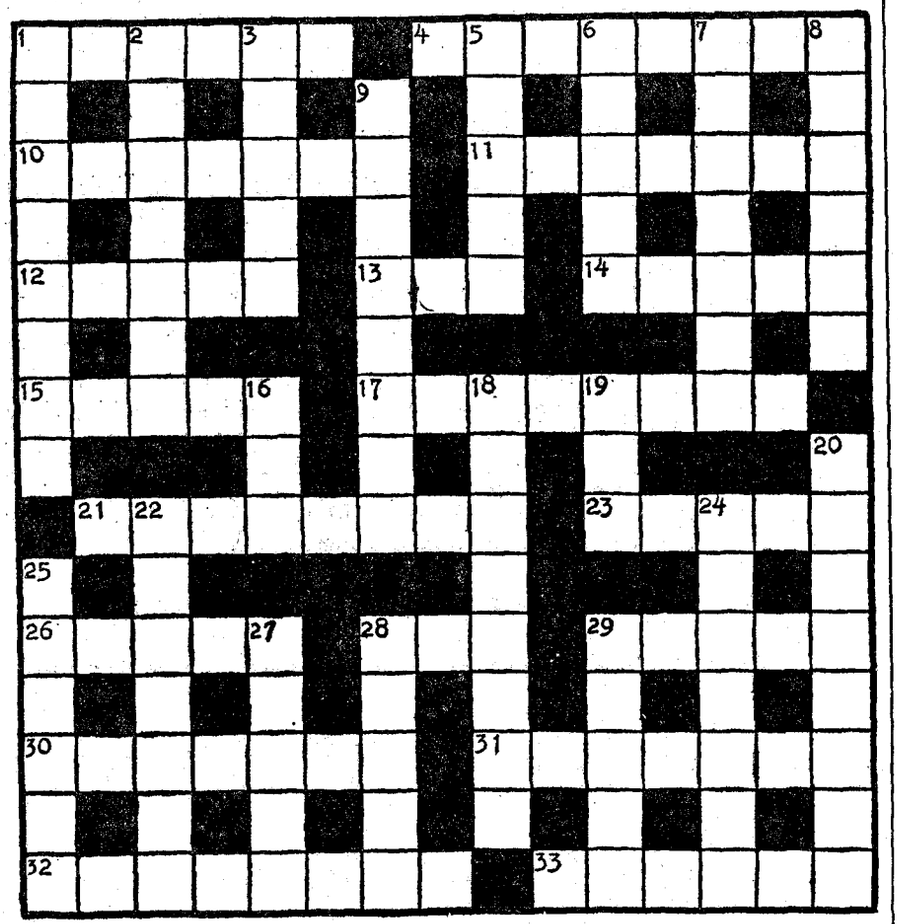
Crossword Puzzle No. 708

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 10
4 and 21 Pique Dame. (3, 5, 2, 6)
10, 1 across and 29 across Implying an author has to be quick. (4, 3, 4, 2, 5)
11 The real thing should be 33. (7)
12 See 29 down
13 and 19 down Possesses "X" speed. (6)
14 A ringing response? (5)
15 Remains like feet, in shape. (5)
17 Rub the wrong way, and irritate, thereby causing an explosion. (8)
21 See 4 across
23 Does this prize suggest the reason the ring is lost? (5)
26 Habituate. (5)
28 The sound of columbary. (3)
29 See 10 across
30 They might be packed with cork. (7)
31 Red lozenge. (7)
32 Show a plate to miss. (8)
33 Lean? (6)

DOWN:

1 Takes advantage of in-come and out-go, when half in the till. (8)
2 Raises hail in the glass. (7)
3 Reputedly not so injurious as sticks and stones. (5)
5 Obviously parts of the house shall get tidied up. (5)
6 Suppress. (5)
7 An arrangement like steps. (7)
8 Strait, sometimes paired with straight. (6)
9 See 25 down
16 A conciliatory bribe is evidently officially accepted, as a rule. (3)
18 Answers legal things over the water. (8)
19 See 13 across
20 Time for seniors to celebrate. (5, 3)
22 Not the sort of false step implied by pets. (4, 3)
24 It contains the speech of comic character. (7)
25 and 9 down Rocutse? It's not allowed to get started. (6, 2, 3, 3)
27 Evenly balanced. (5)
28 Fishermen might make good players. (5)
29 and 12 across Dashes here, where the trail intersects. (5, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 707

Across: 9 ARMATURE; 10 GYRATE; 11 POLITIC; 12 PENDENT; 14 BELONG; 15 and 28 STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS; 17 FORSAKEN; 20 MOTION; 22 STUDIOS; 24 EXPIATE; 26 SCOTCH; 27 UNCTUOUS; Down: 2 UNANIMOUS; 3 PAUSING; 4 NOEL; 5 BUGBEAR; 6 AIRED; 7 GROOVE; 8 STENCH; 13 USING; 16 INTRIGUES; 18 OPTICS; 19 KNOW-HOW; 20 and 1 MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN; 21 ON TOUR; 23 DITTO; 25 BURR.

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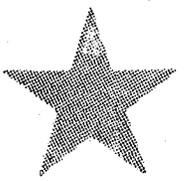
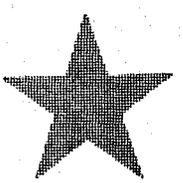


What Can You Do for The "Silent Generation"?



Any evening you will hear them roaring, "Go! Go! Go!" for their favorite basketball team. Yet these vigorous voices can become curiously silent when asked to speak up for individuality. The cloak of conformity is the fad today for too many of our college and high school youngsters.

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